Daily Dose

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by sourweather

Summary

Adam is very particular about his own sexual habits. Historically, his partners do not enjoy this. So when he falls hard for Nigel, he's nervous about how he'll respond.

Notes

listen it is. 4 am. I have to be up for a thing in like 6 hours. I couldn't sleep. horny antics ensued.

It takes Adam a long time to realize how good of a match he and Nigel really are.

Adam's always had a high sex drive, ever since he was a teenager. There's nothing wrong with it, in his eyes— orgasms relieve tension, reduce stress, improve mood. Most importantly, it just feels *good*. He doesn't understand why anyone would choose not to masturbate regularly.

But surprisingly, Adam's past romantic partners had found this very off-putting. His first girlfriend in college, for example, had been furious with him when she found out that he was still watching porn on a daily basis. She'd equated it to cheating, of all things, and told Adam that he had to choose between porn and their relationship. Adam asked her if she'd be willing to tend to his sexual needs every day if he stopped masturbating, she called him a pig, he broke up with her.

Beth, too, hadn't approved of his habits. When she started spending more and more time in his apartment, he'd broached the subject with her as tactfully as he could. He explained that he preferred to have at least one orgasm every day, and that she was welcome to join him for sex in the evenings if she wanted to, but if not then he would simply masturbate on his own. From his perspective, it was a perfectly reasonable compromise. No pressure on her part to participate, just an open invitation.

She wasn't happy. Beth told him that it made her uncomfortable to know that Adam was 'playing with himself' while she was in the apartment. He told her that she could leave for a while if she wanted to, it escalated into an argument. In the end, he let her win, and abstaining only made him irritable and needy.

So when Adam started dating Nigel, he was nervous. Especially because he'd never been so sexually attracted to another person in his life. He masturbated before their first three dates, hoping it would temper his desire for the other man until the end of the evening. It didn't help. Adam still got turned on every time Nigel wrapped his lips around a cigarette.

Worst of all, on their third date, Nigel told him that he would be comfortable 'taking things slow'. It tracked, because Nigel was shockingly careful and patient with Adam considering his somewhat menacing appearance. It also made Adam completely certain that he'd have to start giving himself two orgasms a day instead of one, just to maintain some peace of mind.

Luckily, Adam has always believed it's best to be upfront.

"I'm okay with taking things slow if that's what you want, Nigel. But to be honest, I want to have sex with you."

Nigel stopped walking, turning his head to stare at him. "You do?" he asked, as if it was surprising.

Adam nodded, licking his lips. "Very much."

The older man's face went red, a crooked grin blooming. "Well, what the fuck are we doing here, then?"

"We're walking in the park," Adam replied with a frown, and Nigel let out a low laugh that made Adam shiver.

"What I mean, darling," he purred, placing his broad hands on Adam's hips. "Is that we should go back to your place, right now, and fuck."

Adam blinked, his eyes wide. "Oh! Yes, I— I want that. You're right, we should."

The next three hours were some of the most pleasurable of Adam's entire life. Nigel made him come twice, and both times Nigel looked at him like he was the most incredible creature he'd ever seen. He'd never felt so desired before, and it made his toes curl and his voice pitch high. He couldn't wait to see Nigel again. And again. And *again.*

He liked Nigel for more than just the amazing sex, of course. Although the sex certainly didn't hurt. But over the next few months, Adam found himself falling deeply in love with Nigel. Suddenly one night spent at Adam's apartment became another, and then twice in one week, and then three nights in a row. Realistically speaking, it was gradual, but to Adam it felt like it happened very fast.

The first few times Nigel spent the night, they had sex before bed, and then again as soon as they woke up. It was perfect, but Adam knew that it wouldn't last. Eventually the honeymoon phase would end, and he'd be left craving more, and the idea made him anxious.

And sure enough, the day finally came that he and Nigel woke up together, and Nigel just crawled out of bed to make breakfast without more than a chaste 'good morning' kiss. Adam's needs weren't compulsive, by any means— he could and had gone days without coming before— but his nerves about the situation combined with his body being accustomed to Nigel's attentions made him restless.

He didn't want to say anything, though. Talking about this only ever ended in disaster, and Adam was too in love with Nigel to risk things going wrong between them. So at half-past five, Adam stood from where they'd been sitting on the couch together, and started to head for the bedroom.

"Where are you running off to?" Nigel asks. His eyes are still on the TV screen.

Adam swallows. "Bedroom," he answers quickly.

Nigel glances over at him. "Taking a nap?" he prods. "I can join you—"

"I'd really like to be alone right now," Adam says, rubbing his thighs anxiously.

He feels a pang of guilt when Nigel gives him a look of concern. "I can go, if you want. I don't mean to overstay my welcome if you need space."

Adam sighs in frustration, hands curling into fists. "No, I don't want you to leave, Nigel, I just—" He shuts his eyes, blush burning his face. "I need to masturbate," he blurts after a

moment, his words stringing together helplessly.

Nigel laughs, and it makes Adam want to hide. "Is that all?" the older man asks. "Shit, baby, you had me worried."

He tries to relax, to laugh it off as well. The relief isn't coming.

"...Are you sure you don't want some company, though?"

That makes Adam's eyes blink open. Nigel is giving him a hungry, lustful look, the one that makes heat pool in his stomach.

"You don't have to, if you're not interested."

Nigel's wicked grin only grows. "I am definitely fucking interested, doll," he says, quickly standing from the couch and closing the space between them. "If you want to go, then let's fucking go."

Adam gasps when his back finds the wall, Nigel's deft hands already freeing his cock from his lounge pants. "I-I just don't want you to feel obliga— ngh!" He throws his head back with a high whine, Nigel's hand expertly working his cock.

"Don't worry about me," Nigel assures him, sinking to his knees with a smirk. "If it was up to me, you'd never leave that bed."

The sound he lets out is part laugh, part moan as Nigel takes his hard cock deep into his mouth. "I don't think that would be a good idea," he pants, fingers finding their way into the other man's hair. "But I do prefer to have a-ah— at least one orgasm every day."

"At least," Nigel growls in agreement, swallowing Adam again a moment later.

Adam nods, hips rocking to chase the pleasure of Nigel's wet, hot mouth. "Mhm," he mewls. "Sometimes I have more."

Nigel moans around his cock before he pulls away, his hand stroking Adam's spit-slick length as he speaks. "Damn, dolly, I never would've guessed you were such a fucking Nympho."

"It's hardly N-Nymphomania," he argues breathlessly. "Especially if it doesn't negatively affect my life." He groans low when Nigel's thumb massages the head of his cock. He forces himself to look down at his boyfriend, trying a coy smile. "Do you think this is negative?"

He shudders as Nigel licks a bead of precome from the tip, a smug look on his face all the while. "Not at all," he says, and takes Adam back in his mouth.

Adam comes down his throat a minute later, gasping and trembling as Nigel's hands on his hips keep his legs from giving out. He's lucky that his boyfriend is so strong, or he would have collapsed in a heap on the living room floor.

"Thank you," Adam mutters, his senses overcome with satisfaction. His breaths come deep and drawn-out, his heart thrumming pleasantly as he comes down.

When Nigel rises to his feet, he takes Adam's face in his hands and kisses him. "If you want me to get you off again, just ask," he says, his voice rough from Adam's use. "You're mine, Adam, that means you get whatever you want."

It makes him feel warm, from his head to his toes. He smiles. "Okay."

Biting his lip, his hand reaches for the obvious bulge in Nigel's own pants. "It looks like you might need some company, too," he teases, looking up at his boyfriend through his lashes. "Do you want me to return the favor?"

With a mischievous glint in his eyes, Nigel scoops Adam up into his arms, hauling him to the bedroom.

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